

The Lomond Press

VOL. 1. NO. 32.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

LOCALETS

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Paisley have returned from Ontario, arriving in Brooks last Wednesday.

Robt. Plunkett has purchased a Ford from the local agent, W. A. Teskey. Mr. Teskey has just completed the erection of a storeroom with a capacity of twelve autos.

McLaughlin agent, Chas. Adams, has delivered a five passenger car to Sam Henderson. We can't understand why Sam should be spending all his money.

Mrs. Eli Blake has returned home after spending the winter in the States. Mr. Blake took seriously ill while on the trip and, while greatly recovered now, is not yet able to make the trip home.

Mrs. A. Greenwood has disposed of her restaurant business at the commercial cafe to a party in Calgary and purposes opening up a novelty goods store in Lomond.

Mr. Finley, accountant for the Stacey Lumber Co., has been in town this week on the annual check up.

C. P. Calvert and family, of Forestville district, returned home on Sunday, having spent the winter in Missouri.

The Press has finally secured the help of an experienced printer and hereafter and henceforth will endeavor to have the paper in the hands of Postmaster Parker before six o'clock Friday afternoon. Mr. Allingham, of Gadsby, has taken hold of the mechanical department of the print shop.

W. A. Smith, of Smith & Hanna, arrived in Lomond on the 9th, bringing with him Mrs. Smith. Mr. Smith left for Toronto in December with serious intentions.

Alfred Heather, of Majorville, is another successful lad who has returned from the east all hooked up for a happy future. It's the spirit of the west.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Paul are home from the east.

Rev. F. W. H. Armstrong has come through successfully an operation for appendicitis and is expected to return to Lomond about April 1st.

Mrs. Mitchell, of Okotoks, has been the guest of Mrs. R. R. Saunders for a few days. Mr. Mitchell has been working in this territory in connection with the Wear-Ever Aluminum business.

The Travers Basc Ball Club is giving a dance and shadow box social on Wednesday, March 21st.

Mr. Phillips has arrived in Lomond from Cartwright, Manitoba, and is now actively connected with his hardware interests here.

Easter Sunday, April 8th.

OATS FOR SALE

55c. per bushel; cleaned for seed 60c.
Wm. Burton, Badger Lake.

THE TRIP ACROSS THE BIG POND

The following interesting account of a soldier's trip overseas was contained in a letter from Charlie Westgate to his parents at Bow City.

We finally about 7:30 got loaded into G. T. P. coaches, colonist's cars in pretty bum looking condition too and finally pulled out of camp midst cheers and bugles, about 200 men on board, some Army Medical Corps and some from American Legion Battalion. From eleven that night to nine next morning we were on the road to Montreal, I was on guard at two o'clock Wednesday morning when we hit Brockville. We were shunted round in St. Henry's yards, Montreal, for some time; then stopped for about two hours but not allowed out. I was looking for a girl I had wired to. Couldn't leave the train so didn't phone cousin Hazel, Margaret came down though and brought a parcel of candy, gum and sandwiches etc., lots of eats, I had a talk to them but it ended and we were off to Halifax.

Rations were issued to us on the train and the news seller kept us a chocolate and gum, the car got awfully dirty though there were orderlies to clean them twice a day. I got in with three pretty decent boys and although there are some roughnecks in the C. A. S. C. they are on the whole a pretty decent bunch. We played five hundred, casino and rummey and looked out of the windows and generally tried to put in the time. Every door was guarded; there were some breakers of the law to be guarded too, so it kept a lot of the boys busy.

Nova Scotia is surely a lovely country. Thursday night about six we hit Halifax and loaded immediately on the H. M. transport "Olympic" on which we had supper about 8:30, if we found our way to our tables. Its a big ship, it seemed terrifically big that first night. We were quartered on B deck, the third down, with lots of fresh air right on outside deck but closed in though no heat. We slung hammocks and tried to fix ourselves up as best we could,

our officers had staterooms, so they should worry. A lot of the fellows slept on the floor, we had two blankets which we carried and one was in the hammock, we were pretty warm if a fellow was able to manipulate the hammocks, I got mine fixed and slept well in it.

Troops loaded all night and all next morning until there were seven thousand on board. Full up she was; then Friday morning she pulled out but only into Bedford Basin and there we were until the following Wednesday afternoon awaiting Admiralty orders.

I was a mess orderly the first two days, that is I had to look after the grub for twenty-one men at my table with the help of another man. After that I was the assistant of the Y. M. C. A. man on board, supplying the five hundred A. S. C. men with writing materials, magazines etc. The Wednesday night we hit the Atlantic swells I was just a little unsteady and in fact when I went down into the heart of the ship where it was hot and stuffy I nearly unloaded, however, next day I was better and from then on I was O. K. some of the poor beggars were sick all the way through. The rest of the voyage was fine our quarters being out doors gave us lots of air, in fact we had the best place on the boat one doesn't notice the roll of the ship at all in a hammock.

The last three days we were on board there was no writing paper or magazines to take around so I took the place of a boy who took sick with diptheria on the police patrol. The A. S. C. had eight hours in every twenty-four to do patrol duty on the boat, that is about thirty men in full equipment who have different routes to patrol and see that certain laws laid down by the Provost Marshall were kept. I was on the top deck where only officers were allowed. We had to see that they were all at their posts at fire parade; that they had their life belts on, every person on the boat wore a life belt all the way

FARM LABOR FOR THE SPRING WORK

The question of the supply of farm labor for the spring seeding has engaged the attention of all serious minded persons who have been interested in the coming season's crop production in Western Canada.

For several weeks the Provincial Department of Agriculture has had agents working in various parts of the United States with a view to securing farm labor. The Publicity Commissioner, Mr. Hotchkiss, and his Assistant, Mr. Daly, have both been travelling through the States endeavoring to secure information as to the possible supply and where the men may be found. Recently, four other agents have been sent by the Provincial Department, and have been instructed to work in conjunction with the Federal Immigration Offices in certain States. These men are giving first hand information regarding the necessities of the Province for farm help. Their reports indicate that the necessary supply of labor will be found. The majority of the help for Alberta will come from the States of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, the Dakotas and California. There will also be a few men come through from St. Paul and Kansas City.

Mr. R. B. Bennett, Director of National Service, visited the Province a few days ago for the purpose of rendering whatever assistance would be possible in the supplying of farm labor. The Provincial Government arranged with Mr. Bennett to have a representative attend a meeting to be held in Winnipeg where the question of Western farm labor would be discussed. This meeting was held on Thursday, the 8th. of March. Those present included representatives of the three Provincial Governments of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, the three railway companies, the Federal Immigration Department, the Director of National Service and committee of business men from Winnipeg. At this meeting it was agreed that the Dominion Government would share equally with the Provincial Governments any expense there might be in securing help.

across and all the time except in bed. At night we had to keep everybody inside. No smoking allowed outside and we had to watch for signs of enemy craft. It was all very well except that we got routed out from twelve to two in the morning but got an extra meal on it.

We arrived at Liverpool Wednesday the 27th. but because of a fog, our first experience in England, we didn't get off that old Olympic till Thursday afternoon when we immediately entrained and made for Shorncliffe, where we arrived at 1:30 Friday morning. We were crowded seven and eight in a third

(Continued on page 3)

Now Open

New Blacksmith Shop

N. HOLDEN

... Practical Blacksmith ...

(Late with W. H. Smith and J. H. Doane)

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

Charges Reasonable.

First Street South

The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.

Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, MARCH 16, 1917.

This territory has been flooded with grafters ever since the people have had crops that left a little loose change in the brown Betty teapot with the spout broken off. Picture enlargers (artists, they called themselves) who peddled their wares for about seventy times a fair value, map salesmen who would issue a certain map if sufficient subscribers could be found to make it worth while and said map could be delivered next day from a box full kept at sleeping quarters, and this week along come subscription canvassers with an "educational offer to farmers." These fellows picked out a few young fellows and signed them up for whatever denomination of money that was handed over, when the new subscriber figured only on a one year term and getting change back. These fellows, while apparently accredited agents, made a quick exit from town when followed up. We sometimes wonder how so many fall for these kid glove artists, then, we look back and view the numerous scars where we ourselves had been bitten and just smile, by heck!

Mr. Ragan, traffic superintendent of

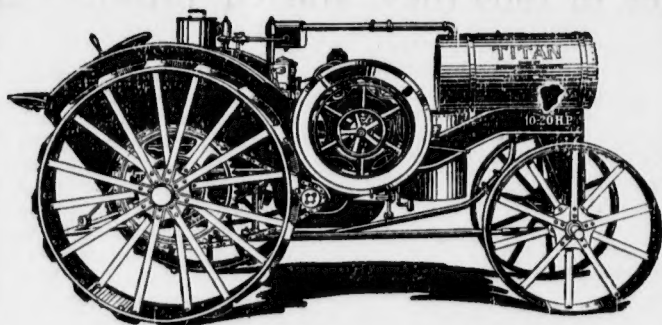
the government telephones, was in Lomond this week trying to convince the editor how Lomond could readily give up the idea of longing for a direct connection, since the establishment of a cut-out station at Travers and a phantom circuit experiment from Retlaw to Taber. We would like him to act in the capacity of the Lomond agent for ten days and hear all the different kinds of language used to describe the service. Mr. Ragan was a man of figures with a pleasing manner of presenting them, but we may discover a man of action before the thing is really sifted out.

Annual newspaper advice, given gratis—plant your sweet peas early and plant lots of them.

There is a good deal of carelessness around town in dumping refuse in any place convenient to the dumper. It does not look up to much, besides being very unsanitary. Some of the alleys in town are a pile of filth and should be cleaned out right away before warm weather sets in. The awakening of a little civic pride is all that is necessary in most cases, but we're afraid some official notices will also be required.

The fine bright weather with fairly solid roads has brought a lot of farmers with wheat into town during the past week or so.

By the appearance of the bank staff you would imagine a lilliputian civil war. All effects are due to purely natural causes.



I. H. C. 10-20 TITAN

The Tractor With a Reputation

Burns kerosene and all low grade fuels, thus giving a low cost of operation. A light weight tractor for all around use on medium sized farms. Two speeds forward and one reverse. Double chain drive to rear wheels. All controlling devices within easy reach of the operator. Call and let us demonstrate to you.

FULL LINE I.H.C. FARM MACHINERY
IMPERIAL OIL CO'S. FUEL OILS, GREASES, ETC.
"BULL DOG" FANNING MILLS
DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

Smith & Moran

START NOW

To feed Stock Food and get your horses in shape for the spring's work.

BUY IT AT THE DRUG STORE

R. R. Saunders

CHEMIST - DRUGGIST

Delaney & Armstrong

Livery, Feed and Sale Barn.
Dray and Transfer in Connection.
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

We Carry a Full Line of
High Grade Farm Machinery



EST'D 1872

THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

TRUST FUNDS

Our Savings Department gives you a guarantee of absolute security and interest at current rate.

239

LOMOND BRANCH

L. M. SWAIN,

Manager.

Do Your Friends Get The Press?

The Wise Man

Learns how to save money while he is learning how to make it.

The saving habit is as easy to form as the spending habit.

Why not form the habit that will do you some good. Please enquire.

The Pioneer Store

A. PARKER, Prop.

class compartment with all our blankets and luggage, it was a tight fit—not much sleep. When we arrived at Shorncliffe station we were rooted out of the car and lined up in the pouring rain on the platform. After delays and leaving our heavy kit bags to be brought by lorry, we marched at an extremely fast pace for two mile from station to camp. Arrived here we all had to get five blankets a piece and wait for the rest of the four hundred and fifty men to get theirs, all in pouring rain, and believe me there weren't many cheerful ones in that crowd, then we started off again and walked about half a mile trying to hang on to five blankets and march in rain and mud. Oh! it was a lovely prospect! Old England seemed a bum place right then. At last we hit a bunch of tents and Alton and I who were close together jumped into the first one with a light in it. The other boy left out of the four of us who started together at Toronto, lost us, got into another tent and next morning was sent to the hospital suspected of fever which later on proved to be scarlet fever. Bell, the fourth one took sick on the boat and is quarantined for diphtheria.

Oh that was an awful experience! In the tent we found four boys from the Winnipeg draft they had come on the same boat and train as we and were kind of settled down, we got off our wet boots and coats and rolled into our wet blankets and slept until 9:30 next morning. A cold, sure we got a cold I've had one since I left Canada. Next morning we got out and found ourselves in lots of mud and in quarantine there were quite a few cases of diphtheria on the boat but am glad to say Alton and I are sticking it out.

January fifteenth. Here we are again, not much this time. What do you know, one of the boys in our tent is down with the mumps and sent to the hospital, so the rest of us and the tent have to go down the hill (we call it) to special quarantine, that is quarantine within quarantine. Isn't it lovely? Oh well it might all be worse I suppose I don't think I'll get any of these diseases I'm feeling pretty fit and will try and keep away from them.

The days since that first day here have all been the same; drilling steadily, formation foot and rifle drill, lots of physical jerks that is gymnastic exercises. The worst of that rotten close quarantine is that we get no drilling at all, left all to ourselves, I suppose there are over one hundred down here now so we will have company, it might be worse I suppose.

This is written on my knees, we've just been off drill awhile and are expecting to get word any time to move down the hill. Tell any of the friends that ask that I am as happy as possible under the circumstances, I'll take all the letters anybody can send and any homemade cake or candy. I'm not learning and am not going to learn to smoke so don't want any smoking material, although I can easily understand from what I have seen how a pipe filled is a man's best friend sometimes.

Well, I think I have told you most all I can. We have had two church parades in the three Sunday's spent here, one in the rain and mud and yesterday there was one in the Marquee.

With heaps and heaps of love,
Charlie.

Your New Spring Hat is Here



What is Advertising ?

Advertising is the eye through which we want you to see our store,—a new store—but not by any means a new name. The name PURCELL'S LIMITED is well known in this district, in 1909 they started business in Bassano, in 1910 opened in Brooks, 1914 in Didsbury, Dec. 1st, 1915, in Millicent and Nov. 1st, 1916 bought out the business of H.D. Charter in Travers. This name PURCELL'S LIMITED stands at the back of all goods sold. This week we talk to you of "Hats." : : : :

Men's Hats, Boys' Hats, Children's Hats

The New Spring Hats are Here

Among them are JOHN B. STETSONS No. 1 made in Philadelphia, United States. All shapes and styles in both Black and Colored. We offer you a mens Wool Felt Hat for \$1.00. A Boys Felt Hat for 75c. In Childrens Hats, we have an endless assortment, both in Felts and Linen wash hats which are durable, light in weight and have that good appearance. : : : : : : : : : :

Better Come to TRAVERS and Look our \$22,000.00 stock over.

Purcell's Limited

THE MASTER MIND

Novelized by Marvin Dana,
Author of "Within the Law,"
From the Successful Play
by Daniel D. Carter

Copyright, 1913, by the H. K.
Fry Company

SYNOPSIS.

Henry Allen, a young married man, is sentenced to be executed for killing the man who won the affections of Allen's wife. Allen's brother, Andrew, known to the criminal world as "The Master Mind," determines to avenge his brother. He writes the district attorney that he will send him white, red and black blank cards indicating the progress of his plans for revenge.

Andrew discovers that the district attorney who convicted Henry is in love with an orphan girl who once saved his life. The district attorney, Wainwright, has been searching for this girl, but cannot find her.

Andrew finds the girl and after conspiring to send her to prison gets her released. He then educates her.

The Master Mind, Andrew, then provides a family and a house for the girl, Lucene. The members of the "family" are ex-crooks living under assumed names. Lucene, however, does not know of their past. Andrew takes the position of butler in the house.

Lucene's three associates represent themselves as her father, mother and brother. They take the name of Blount under Andrew's commands. Finally, unknown to Lucene, they quarrel among themselves.

Lucene meets Wainwright. It is a case of love at first sight. Each remembers the occasion when the girl saved his life by binding a tourniquet around a wrist injured in an automobile accident. They marry.

Creagan learns that the girl he once knew in Chicago as Maggie Flint is now Lucene, the wife of District Attorney Wainwright. The thief is informed by Andrew as to where the Wainwright jewels are kept. Andrew sends Wainwright a black card—the sign that his blow is about to fall.

On receiving the black card, which was found inserted in a book, Wainwright holds a conference with Marshall, a detective, about "The Master Mind." Andrew reveals to Wainwright that, although posing as a butler, he is really the dreaded Master Mind. Marshall captures Creagan in an attempt to rob the Wainwright family safe. Lucene is present and recognizes Creagan.

Wainwright appears on the scene. The thief tries to compromise Lucene, following Andrew's orders, and says that he traveled from Chicago to see her at her request. He claims that she gave him money.

CHAPTER XIII.

An Admission.

MARSHALL, the detective, attempted a diversion and replied to Andrew:

"You can hardly expect me to place much confidence in the statement of a person who is a total stranger to me," he objected.

"Of course, sir, it is true that I am practically a stranger to you," Andrew admitted without the change of a note in his monotone to give warning of the supremely audacious speech to follow. "You've known me only since Mr. Wainwright told you who I was a few minutes ago. But I have known you for a long time, sir."

The detective glared with round eyes at this amazing man, who dared flaunt the helplessness of the law in its very face.

"Oh, you have, have you?"

"Yes," came the placid answer. "You were an obscure detective when you recovered those bonds in the Fourth National bank case. Your present excellent position is really owing to that besides the medal you received at the time and also the \$10,000 reward paid to you. But

through it all you said nothing of the anonymous note you received advising you of the facts in the case and giving you explicit directions as to how to capture Denver Jones."

Marshall sat spellbound.

"Then it was you who sent the letter?"

Andrew bowed.

"I simply mentioned it, sir," he continued sedately, "in order to show you that when I give information my motives are by no means always selfish. Good night, sir." The butler's voice was still that of the excellent servant trained to a becoming humility. But before he had reached the door he was arrested by the voice of the detective.

"One minute. Why did you double cross Denver Jones, and what made you pick me for that Fourth National capture?"

"Well, you see, sir," the Master Mind explained blandly, "Jones had the misfortune to offend me. Besides, sir, I knew that on account of your success in this case you would be promoted to a high place in the detective service, and as I was then situated it was not well for me to have skillful men in high places. Good night, sir."

Marshall was at pains presently to seek Wainwright, whom he found on the point of retiring, and to make known the information he had received from Andrew concerning the projected burglary. It was agreed between them that the detective should maintain a strict secret watch over the whole establishment throughout the night, with the twofold object of being ready for any move on the part of the sender of the black card and of foiling the expected effort of the robber against the jewels in the safe.

Wainwright was to hold himself in readiness for a summons at any time, but chose not to share directly in the watch. It seemed certain to both men that the Master Mind would be aware of their conference. Undoubtedly he had intended that his announcement of the visit from a thief should be passed on to Wainwright, as it had been. Yet the exact reasons for his course defied analysis.

Meanwhile Lucene was in despair because of the desperate situation with which she was confronted. A just judge must have taken into consideration her youth and inexperience, her feeling of devoted gratitude and reverence for the man who guided her choice, and the judgment must have been lenient, though it might find her guilty. But she had no mercy toward herself. She had come to know the truth at last—the truth she had voiced to the Master Mind—that it is impossible to build happiness on lies. She had lived a lie, for the hoodwinking of the man who loved her, who had honored her above all women, who had given into her keeping his honor by making her his wife. Thus she had fondly betrayed his faith. Whatever the penalty for truth at the outset, the truth should have been told. She understood now. Her conscience had warned her. She had stifled conscience at the dictation of the man whom she esteemed for his goodness to her, Andrew. Now realization of her passive guilt was fully hers. But the ruin had been wrought. It was too late to undo the evil accomplished by her treachery. There was nowhere any hope of redemption. She had sinned; she must do penance with a life of agonized mourning for the bliss she had lost. There was left to her only the ability to spare her husband in some measure. That she must do, though her heart broke.

It was just five minutes before the hour of 2 when Andrew, in his cupola room, extinguished his light, which had shone from the tower windows like a beacon. Creagan, lurking within the shadows of clustered shrubberies a hundred yards from the mansion, heaved a sigh of relief. Then, as the calm of the place remained unbroken, he began stealthily to make his way

toward the massive bulk of the house.

Marshall had established himself in a window seat of the library, from which he had an extensive view of his surroundings.

Farther down the room toward the rear, the alcove, in which was the safe, showed its draperies of portieres along the line of the opposite wall. Facing him, a little further toward the front, was the wide doorway into the hall, through which was to be seen a part of the stairway. The softly burning hall light cast its illumination over the stairs and hall itself, and shone through the doorway into the library, though the radiance here was dimmed so that objects were only barely visible in shadowy wise. From time to time the detective had undertaken a cautious round of the house to make sure that nothing of a nefarious sort was anywhere under way. But as the appointed hour of Andrew's promised burglary approached he held his position immovably in the window seat, where the drawn hangings hid him well while permitting his espionage. Then a faint sound from the stairway caught his ear, and he peered forth in anxious expectancy.

Presently a soft noise near at hand caught the attentive ear of the detective. A gentle creaking sound followed and Marshall was speedily aware, out of his professional experience, that the window further down the room was being skillfully opened.

Then, after an interval of silence, a pencil of light, the beam of an electric torch, shone from between the hangings of the rear window. The light moved slowly to and fro, taking its survey of the room with a leisurely thoroughness that again provoked Marshall to appreciation of the marauder's adept methods. Then, at last, the radiance rested for a second time on the alcove, and there continued for an appreciable period. The light vanished. There was no sound, but Marshall knew that the thief was stealing on silent feet through the shadows of the room, that he had come to the safe, that he was ready to—yes, a glow of light became faintly visible within the recess.

The detective prepared for action by pulling a blackjack from his pocket. He parted the curtains, and would have issued from his retreat, when again his attention was held by a wisp of sound. He waited, in tense silence, his eyes roving, for he was uncertain as to the direction whence the noise had issued. Then his glance caught sight of a form moving slowly on the stairway. In the first instant he perceived with a start of astonishment, that the new intruder on the scene was a woman, in the next, as the face was lifted so that the feeble light of the hall lamp fell full on it, he recognized Mrs. Wainwright, and his earlier feeling of surprise was lost in total dismay.

For the woman's manner was plain proof of guilt—of what guilt the spying man could hazard no guess, but guilt none the less. Her gait was not merely slow, it was stealthy, with the awkward stealthiness of one wholly unaccustomed, and the gaze that darted here and there so hurriedly was furtive, laden with fear of discovery. These evidences were re-enforced by the shudder that now and again shook her visibly. Marshall was appalled by this latest development in the mystery that beset the man he sought to serve.

The soft gleam in the alcove became discernible to her. At first glimpse of it she halted, and a smothered gasp of terror broke from her lips. She stood rigid, looking straight before her with dilated eyes. Then, at last, she swayed a little, tensed swiftly and went forward again. When she was come to the alcove she pushed the draperies apart and resolutely stepped within. The portieres closed behind her. Marshall crushed back an oath of amazement.

Yet for a brief season the detective was held inactive by stark bewilderment. Then, to his astonished ears came a hushed sound of whispering from beyond the curtains of the alcove. It was incredible, monstrous, that this should be. Nevertheless, the truth was palpable. There was no outcry, no shriek for help from the woman, no flight by a safety seeking housebreaker. Instead there was only whispering, this secret conference in the dead of night between the thief and the mistress of the mansion. Suddenly another idea flashed in his brain, impelled him to immediate endeavor: Was it necessary, after all, that Wainwright himself should ever know the whole hateful truth? Perhaps, even, there might be some explanation of the wife's guilt that fell short of infamy.

Firm of purpose at last, Marshall crept slowly across the room to the alcove. Now he could hear the two within more plainly, and he listened eagerly, but the words were unintelligible. Convinced that longer effort at eavesdropping would avail naught, the detective, with his weapon ready, put forth a cautious hand and parted the draperies.

Notwithstanding all his painstaking, something betrayed this new presence to the keen senses of the burglar. As the portieres moved slowly apart under Marshall's careful fingers there came a sudden flash of light full in his face. Blinded he sprang forward and found himself in grapple with the thief. A scream came from the woman. The torch fell to the floor, to be crushed a moment later under the feet of the men. The woman shrank in a corner, half swooning. The men writhed and tottered to and fro, scuffling over the thick pile of velvet. The weapon of the detective gave him an advantage. One fierce blow struck the back of Creagan's head, and the man lurched heavily to the floor.

Marshall, after an instant's panting pause, got out his own torch and turned its light on the scene. He saw the woman crouching miserably against the wall. On the floor the thief was moaning faintly. Then the detective's eyes caught sight of another object on the floor. He bent and picked it up—a sheaf of bills of large denomination.

Here was more mystery. But there was no time now to bother with it! He thrust the bills into his coat pocket. Marshall stepped to the main electric switch and flooded the whole room with radiance. Once again Lucene stifled a cry as the brilliant illumination blinded her. The stricken burglar stirred and groaned, and then unclosed his eyes and lay blinking dazedly for a few seconds. But soon he sat up, very clumsily, and put a wavering hand to his head. He brought away the fingers all bloody, and regarded the stains with disgust.

"He'll do well enough now," Marshall stated, as he looked up and met the alarmed gaze of the woman.

Creagan, following the direction of the detective's glance, turned his head weakly and perceived the girl, where she stood against the wall. His coarse face twisted into a grin.

"Hello, Maggie!" he mumbled. "Say, the bull near croaked me."

"But you will be able to go in a minute," Lucene urged, wringing her hands in desperation. "Oh, please! You must! Mr. Marshall will give you the money. He picked it up."

"I'll take you along when I go," Creagan snarled.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

But Marshall interrupted roughly.

"Here, you!" he snapped at Creagan. "You get a hustle on yourself." He seized the burglar by the collar and jerked him to his feet. "Go on and get out of here! Didn't you hear what the lady said?"

"Gimme back that roll she give me!" he commanded surlily.

"You stand a fat chance of getting that," Marshall exclaimed with a

sheer. Then, as the thief moved a little: "None of that side stepping, either!"

"Oh, I ain't trying to beat it," Creagan declared. "I don't have to."

Marshall rested wordless, stupefied by the colossal impudence of this criminal, caught in the very act of burglary. Then the woman darted to him:

"Oh, Mr. Marshall, please let him go!" she besought him frantically. "Give him the money and let him go! Oh, you must!"

The detective, however, could no longer accept this way out of the tangle of events. His first instinct of desire to shield the woman for her husband's sake, if not for her own, was overcome by the responsibility involved by such a course.

"It is impossible," he said.

"Oh, if you only knew!" she breathed.

Marshall remained unshaken.

"Madam," he said coldly, "I am in your husband's employ."

She twisted his argument in her own favor:

"But it would be doing him the greatest possible kindness to let this man go." She made a despairing gesture. "Oh, I know just how strange it must seem to you, but it's true—it's true!"

Marshall found that it required all his strength of will to withstand her supplication.

"You mean, without your husband's knowledge?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" was the instant answer. "He must never know—never; I can't tell you why—I can't, I can't! If I only could!—But I swear to you, on my honor as a woman, that my husband's happiness, his career, his honor even, everything, depends on your doing as I ask you. Please—oh, please!"

Nevertheless Marshall had the courage to deny her prayer.

"It is impossible."

"Why, I'm his wife, and I love him. It's for his sake that I beg of you to let this man go." She made a slight gesture toward Creagan. "He'll go—if you will let him. Yes, he'll go, and never come back again." She glanced for an instant into the brutal face, as she added her question confidently:

"You will go, won't you? Tell him!"

"Sure thing!" was the harsh answer. The thief's small eyes, bloodshot now, were leering. "Sure, I'll go fast enough—if you'll go with me, Maggie."

Lucene seemed not to hear the vile utterance. Certainly she gave it no apparent heed, only persisted in her wild petitioning.

"Don't you see, Mr. Marshall, no one will ever know—not a living soul—ever!"

The voice of Creagan sounded.

"Say," he cried to the detective, "are you such a bonehead you can't see that me and the lady was goin' away together?" Marshall made a threatening movement. Creagan spoke again, reckless of the menace. "Aw, cut it out, cull. Just ask the lady."

Marshall looked down into the face of the trembling woman. But the denial for which he longed did not burst from her lips. Instead, she stood in mute abasement.

"Did you hear what the man said?" Marshall asked.

"Yes," came the muffled syllable.

"Of course he lies?"

There was a pause, pregnant of a hateful possibility. And then, at last, there came from the girl the word that was the seal of her degradation:

"No." It was hardly a breath of sound.

AMETHYST

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Somerville have returned home after a three months visit to Oregon and Washington. Dad says Oregon is a fine place to live if you have plenty of money and not much work. But good old Alberta is the place where all good people live.

Mrs. Seth Somerville spent Wednesday with Mrs. Glen Groves.

J. M. Woods returned home from Vulcan to-day bringing home a new team.

Glen Groves and Archie Smith are going to haul in wheat for Mr. R. Ried as Mr. Ried is not well and has sold his farm. He is holding an auction sale March 26th.

Miss Nellie Groves is recovering from a bad cold.

Mrs. Mary Hill and daughter Berniece also Jake Groves went to Kinnondale Sunday to attend church.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Somerville have returned from a short visit to North Dakota, they report plenty of snow.

Miss Lillie Somerville is ill with the measles at Mrs. Stiebritz. She is getting along fine.

Ralph Groves has some swell face. Haf anybody seen him?

Mrs. Annie Armstrong and Wm. Hill were in Lomond and they sure had something on their minds besides business letters to drive clear to town without the letter they went especially to mail.

We Sell

J. I. CASE

Oil, Gas and
Steam

Engines, and
Threshing Machines

SMITH & MORAN
LOMOND

Auction Sale

at Lomond
Saturday, March 31st
1917

Contents and conditions of the sale
as follows:

- No. 1. Any person in Lomond or vicinity who can donate an animal, piece of machinery or furniture, or any other article, is asked to help along the worthy cause by contributing the same to this sale
- No. 2. Anything saleable will be gratefully accepted.
- No. 3. All articles will be offered for sale by public auction.
- No. 4. All proceeds will be turned over to the Patriotic Fund.
- No. 5. No clerks fees.
- No. 6. No auctioneer's commission.
- No. 7. Every cent received will go to swell the fund which is supporting the wives and little children of our brave boys in France.
- No. 8. Terms of sale, Cash and no reserve.
- No. 9. Bring in live stock on day of sale. All other contributions may be brought in any day and deposited on C. P. R. right of way opposite the Standard Bank.

Any further information may be had from any one of the following committee: Messrs. Swain, Saunders, Webster, Tibert, Williamson, Manning, Smith, Clement or from

H. E. Elves, Auctioneer



"You mean, without your husband's knowledge?"

band's happiness, his career, his honor even, everything, depends on your doing as I ask you. Please—oh, please!" Nevertheless Marshall had the courage to deny her prayer.

"It is impossible."

"Why, I'm his wife, and I love him. It's for his sake that I beg of you to let this man go." She made a slight gesture toward Creagan. "He'll go—if you will let him. Yes, he'll go, and never come back again." She glanced for an instant into the brutal face, as she added her question confidently:

New Spring Goods

We are unpacking new linens, muslins, prints, etc., for the spring trade. Come and see for yourself these new materials and make your selections early.

Men's Easter Suits

Better leave your order now for a new "Art" Tailored Suit for Easter.

Marshall & Wilson's

THE STORE OF GOOD SERVICE

Changes to Liquor Act

The new liquor act, which was introduced into the legislature changes the act in several respects, making it more workable and much stricter.

(1) If a person has more than one quart of spirits or two gallons of beer in his premises the burden of proof that he is not keeping the liquor in violation of the act rests upon him.

(2) It is unlawful for any person to take or solicit orders for the purchase or sale of any intoxicating liquor within the province or to distribute or publish advertisements, handbills or price lists.

(3) An intoxicated person must tell where he got the liquor and can be sent to jail until he does tell.

(4) The police may inspect freight and express books and records.

(5) Warehousing business is prohibited.

(6) The penalties are changed somewhat, though not made very much heavier.

(7) It is an offense against the act to abet, counsel or advise the violation of the act.

(8) Better arrangements for search of suspected buildings are made a part of the act.

(9) Before any person can proceed on writ of appeal he must take affidavit that he or his servants did not commit the offense for which he was convicted.

(10) The clauses referring to vendors are not repealed, though it is understood that the vendor stores will be closed up, though the legislation providing them will not be affected.

A clause prevents the conveyance of liquor from a place within the province where it may be lawfully kept to another place in the province where it may be lawfully kept.

Clause 27, which permits any person having liquor for export sale in a liquor warehouse, is repealed. This eliminates business.

\$100 to Patriotic Fund from Dance at Yetwood

A very successful box social and dance was held at the Yetwood school on March 7th., whereby the sum of \$100.00 was realized in aid of the Patriotic Fund and which was turned over for remittance to the Travers branch. This is indeed a good start and worthy of credit.

Emry Davis and Jack Erb took home a Case 10-20 tractor and plows this week, delivery being made from the local agency, Smith & Moran.

The McLaughlin ... Car

I HAVE taken the agency of the famous McLaughlin Car and will have a car load in Lomond on display in a few days. Let me demonstrate to you the superior points of this famous make of cars.

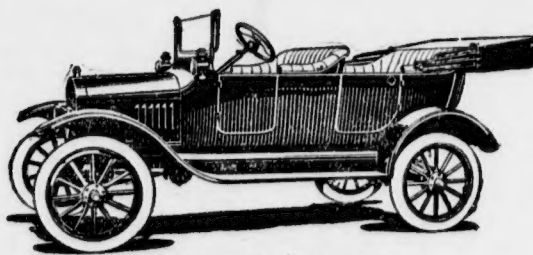
GARAGE ON CENTRE STREET WEST

Chas. Adams - Lomond

Farmers!

Be prepared for your spring work. Get discs sharpened and machinery overhauled before you need to use it. Now is the time.

General Blacksmithing and Woodworking J. H. DOANE



"MADE IN CANADA"

The 1917 Ford Touring Car

\$555.00

At my Garage in Lomond.

Buying a Ford is a business proposition.

Did you ever notice that fully ninety-nine per cent. of the commercial travellers covering Southern Alberta by motor use the Ford Car? Do you know the WHY? It is because they stand the use and abuse on the country trail at a minimum expense. What it does for them it will do for you.

Full line of Repairs kept in Lomond.

W. A. TESKEY, LOMOND.

Restuarant! JANG HOW Prop.

Meals at all Hours.

SOFT DRINKS, TEMPERANCE BEER,
CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS and TOBACCO

Purity Flour

The Best in the West by
Actual Baking Test for
Bread and for Pastry.

Alberta Farmers' Co- Operative Elevator

GEO. VENNEN, Manager

NEW BARBERSHOP

Now Open
Next To Drug Store.

Give Me A Call.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

M. N. Harmon, Prop.

HERBERT J. MABER
SOLICITOR AND
BARRISTER

VULCAN - - - ALBERTA

Invest !

Good paint PROPERLY
APPLIED is a good in-
vestment - - - pays large
dividends by increasing
values.

Our experience is "good
security"--- our "service
bonds" are "guilt edge."

D. E. Snowden,
BRUSH MANIPULATOR AND
EYE RELIEVER.
LOMOND.

The doings of the rural council meet-
ing held on Monday will be published
next issue.

RURAL MUNICIPALITY OF CLIFTON, No. 127

Notice of Impoundment

NOTICE is hereby given under section
210 of the Rural Municipality Act that
following animals were impounded in
the pound kept by the undersigned on
the N. E. of Sec. 32, Twp. 14, Rge. 19,
W.M. 4, on Thursday, March 1st., 1917.

Two bay mares, white strip on face,
1100 lbs. each.

One bay gelding, 1000 lbs.

One day horse colt.

One black filly colt, branded (C with
two down strokes) on left shoulder.

Dated at Travers this 10th. day of
March, 1917.

JOSEPH S. SULLIVAN,
Poundkeeper.

GIRL WANTED

Girl wanted for general housework
by April 1st. Apply to Mrs. Dr.
Walkey.

LOST

About four weeks ago, greyish-brown
collie dog, medium size, ten months old.
Reward. Will anyone finding please
return to Gold Coin Schoolhouse, near
Travers.

Farm Lands For Sale

I have the exclusive sale of some
quarters close to town at snap
prices. I also have the sub-
agency for Hudson's Bay Lands.

If You Want to Sell,
Give Me Your Listings

If You Want to Buy,
See My Listings

H. E. Elves

Auctioneer Notary Public
Real Estate, Loans, Insurance

Commercial Cafe

First Class Meals Served
at 45 cents.

Meals Served
at all Hours
(Regular Hours on Sunday)

Mrs. A. Greenwood

Lomond - - - Alberta

The Central Garage

UNDER NEW MANAGMENT

Buy Your Car

Where you get the best of service.
We stock a complete line of repairs
and accessories for the cars we sell.
No long delays -- in other words --
SERVICE.

Agent for the

"CHEVROLET"

"DODGE" and "MAXWELL"

Demonstrations Gladly Given.

REPAIR WORK under supervision of Art. Charters.

AUTO SUPPLIES

GASOLENE, OILS, ETC,

Vulcan Stage Trip Every Wednesday and Saturday.

A few 1916 and 1917 Ford cars for sale cheap.

J. A. Bowers

It's Your Own Company

This is your own company. Its success depends upon
the support received at your hands. The larger the
patronage the better the service. Keep the profits on
your own business for yourself. If you are not in line
now, investigate the proposition and GET IN quick.

We now have some full inch by sixteen wagon box
material and inch and a quarter flooring.

Associated Farmers

LIMITED

Long Distance Phone Office.